

There a train that wd. allow you comfortably to get
here say 5.30? Then we could stuh on
by a ~~little~~ before the ~~we~~ cold hale ham
& the argument wote L.
Anyhow I shall be in, should this visit.

In a hurry as I would write at
length about Rivets Carnac, my new general.
& the Domestic Comedy, which is at
present ~~germany~~ all my diplomacy &
temper. Now (as you would say) what are
so Domestic are! And nothing than
do with present their. Loving me!
hah hah - a tribute that, which is ~~virtue~~ of heart.
Do just my handwriting I can't deny myself.
But to what
quality in me do
you ~~do~~ attribute it?

Monday Oct 9. 1930

Look here - don't be later
than 5.30 because I
may have to go out at
9 to say goodbye to
Panama & who have
suddenly decided with no
fact to fly to France.
So no more, till we
meet.

Love & h - I'm
much relieved about the
plans.

So no more.

Thursday, 16th Oct
1930

52 Tavutak Square.

Well, what dear, I daresay I talk right about 'marlshires' -
I accept your definition a thing done as well as this promise to do it -
only I think somehow one ought to discriminate between 'things'.
Dear Sa Gampah & Jally. It's not a question of least but v.
One little. One must find some other metaphor, or is this a stretch,
or even an analogy - (I'm infinitely vexed this morning -
Can't write fiction, miserable to write). ~~for~~ One must I mean
indicate that one 'thing' is colour & the other thing. That
being understood I bow my head & pass on - ~~no~~ No, not
instantly. I think these discriminations rather more important than you
do; I think if one ignores them by habit one becomes woolly headed;
one chokes people off. And enthusiasm (a name (as well said) is
not enough. No, nor discrimination either. This the
rare & blessed combination that I find truly imaginative - &
I grant that having been born within the Polar region of Cambridge
I tend by ^{education, not} instinct to frigidify. Enough, enough.
Rivett: an admirable cook. Light handed, adept, ~~adventurous~~
adventurous; but this is on the strength of 25 meals. Whether
being a lady born, she can climb & jump without collapse
I rather doubt. Today is the first day of frost, because so
far the country widow has been helping. Anyhow, there are no
dark pockets of discontent; everything is above board & plain sailing.
The question of Rivett & Camac is still hedged; but I've
hardly been alone with her. & so say 'Miss' & then stop.

Now Nelly knows; & how to deal with the devoted servant, whose mind is
riddled with jealousy, suspicion, & poverty - that my horror. One can't
be ruthless; they are so weakly & devoid of all support, & one sees
their poor flustering lives as one talks, - to the dependence &
defencelessness that gives the bitch, & take the sting from their
violently infuriating luncheon - yet leave one helpless, helpless - have
I ever felt such wild misery as when talking to servants? - partly
caused by rage at our general ineptitude - we the forenoon -
athawing laden ourselves with such a burden, & at having let
grow beneath our shoulders such a cancer, such a growth,
such a disease as the poor are. Again, enough.

Monday or [is it 'and'? - see, how seldom I look at my own work.]
Tuesday. When but comparatives for all your superlatives,
you're a very good critic - that is, have jangled into the phrase I
liked [the tiger] & the stories I liked; & lighted with you
acrobatic eye upon the generally well acclaimed successes - that is
Mark on the Wale & Kew. You are perfectly right about
Green & blue & the heron one: that's mainly why I won't reprint.
They are mere tangles of words; balls of string that the Kitten or
Pan has played with. One or three days I will write out some
phases of my writer's life; & explain what I now merely
say in thought - after being ill & suffering every form & variety of
nightmare & extravagant intensity of perception - for I
used to make up poems, stories, profound & to me inspired
phrases all day long as I lay in bed, & thus sketched, I think,
all that I now, by the light of reason try to put into prose (I
thought of the Lighthouse then, & Kew & others, not in substance,
but in idea) - after all this, when I came to, I was so

So tremblingly afraid of my own ungainly that I wrote Night & Day
 mainly to prove to my own satisfaction that I could keep entirely
 off that dangerous ground. I wrote it, lying in bed, allowed to write only
 for one half hour a day. And I made myself copy from
 Master Carts, partly to tranquillize, partly to learn anatomy. But
 as the book is, it composed myself, & I think taught me
 certain elements of composition which I should not have had
 the patience to learn had I been in full flush of health always.
 These little pieces, in Monday or [a] Tuesday were written by way of
 short diversion: they were the treats I allowed myself when I had
 done my service in ^{the} conventional style. I shall never forget the
 day I wrote the Mark on the wall — all in a flash, as if
 flying, after being kept stone breaking for months. The Unwritten Novel
 was the Great Discovery, however. That — again in one second —
 showed me how ~~one~~ could embody all my deposit of experience
 in a shape that fitted it — not that I have ever reached that end; but
 anyhow I saw, branching out of the tunnel I made, when I discovered
 that method of approach, Jacobs Room. Mr. Dalloway &c —
 How I tumbled with elements; a then Leonard came in, & I
 drank my milk, & indicated my sentiment, & wrote I suppose
 another page of that interminable Night & Day (which some say is my
 best book) all this I will tell you one day — here I suppose my
 natural inclination to say, if dear that you have the heart with to
 hear anymore on a subject that can't be of the least interest to you.
 And I add, ~~And I add, Blue & the heron were the wild outbursts of freedom, marvellous, ridiculous, unpremeditated~~
~~My word — what a bore — here's Leonard to say that some more~~
 agent has made an offer for this house, & he, Leonard, ~~but once~~
 thinks we ought to consider it seriously, for we're only the tag
 end of a lion to run — which means that I must go out up

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2 look at hours again, I suppose.

In the immediate future however we go to Rhodmell, Friday to Sunday; then to the East Coast, travelling our books, on Monday.

And as the devil will have it, I have somehow injured the usual nerve in my spine & am rather done up for the moment - Can't even open the Wrens; dare not think of the next Ventura. But I did grind a bit last week, & that can't shoulou do more than fumble to get it. I have now to knock about like an amble fish, for a week. But the light in the sky certainly depends upon my own letter taper - the pen goes out of the hat - I am rather below the level of the woman one meets in our libraries. I shall ^{lounge} ~~work~~ about for a day or two, & ~~study~~ - oh its nothing to fumble about.

Please write a nice long letter. And how the dia r r h o e a ? That's the way its felt. I'm told its the very devil of discomfort. Ah lah! How much you suppose that I don't! I don't! That a comforting reflection! But I don't actually wish you to suffer.

W.

Your rose has come out & is a perfect marvel, like a red globe in the window.

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Oct 16 1930

2 Look at hours again, I suppose.

In the immediate future however we go to Woodstock, Friday to Sunday; then to the Fair Court, Danbury on Monday, in Monday.

And as the devil will have it, I have somehow injured the social license in my spine & am rather done up for the moment - last seen when the horses; dare not think of the next venture. But I did spend about, last week, & ~~that~~ can't remember the more than I remember to you of those times to know about the an accident like, for a week. But the light in the sky certainly depends upon my own better taper - the piece you sent of the hat - I am rather below the level of the woman on one week in our kitchen. ? That is nothing to remember about for a day or two, & ~~that~~ — oh it is nothing to remember about.

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Please write a nice long letter. And how the dear r r h o e a ? That is the way it will. You told it the very devil of his comfort. Ah ha! How much you suffer that I don't have that a comforting reflection. But I don't actually wish you to suffer.

N.

You were here some out & in a perfect manner, like a red stone in the window.

Friday. 24 Oct 1930 52 Tavistock Square.

You I am better - That is I have done two mornings' work - one hour each, & rather indifferent work; but it's a beginning.

Being a creature of mood, & not new in the mood for Belfrage Sq² & more, may I bring you up a Tuesday & settle the matter - according to the Tuesday mood?

How are you? Answer a clear still day, &

I rather envy you, seeing many men & cities.

And I never thanked you for the Note, but that you without saying.

(4) Health. Really, I think it over this time, & with luck I shall be in
what for me is full swing next week. The trouble is, it's a difficult
book.

52 T.S.

Monday.

26th Oct 1930

Yes. Still dear, but gradually getting on your letter was, I
enjoyed it all the same. You almost tempted me to
quish, but then I shouldn't do it with the speed &
abandonment & lavishment & generosity with which you
(having been up all night too, & looked in a we-
reshed by a young man stark naked - and what
fun) ~~wrote about~~ you achieve these incomprehensible
pennacks. I dare say I shall catch the hang of it one
or three days - but you must allow for the fact
that many kinds of writing are forbidden. The
professional writer - a bad fact, but a fact.

No, no. I didn't quite mean that about the
'astounding' art going - I didn't mean that you
implied that there was nothing wrong. Or rather I meant
two things at the same moment. I thought, Now this
saying the odder herself; or this saying, what a fool she is,
what an ungrateful wife, to run these risks for the sake
of an evening's pleasure. For years people like Othello
for instance, who have mysterious & chronic diseases,

and to say to me, & do still, if I plead a 'headache', Oh if
I could only take as much care as you do; & then the other
let say, God's teeth witness you deserve to be ill
when you've been two a thousand times not to do then & then
do it. " Both flashed to my mind simultaneously — then i
only by your instruction should the same thing happen again.
It's a sore point — I've been too often beaten there — about
being too careful, about not being careful enough.

(1) Revett has many merits & I like her; but she's too
referred for hard housework. I think it will only be
a temporary liaison; but it ^{has} worked well, personally;
2 is much more to my liking, though rather a strain,
as she will buy days biscuits full of weevils & then I
have to remandate. & the hard blood makes her
Squeamish — than the regular domestic. Nellie's
pistol will be at my head next week. Year.

(2) Nothing further has been heard from the agent
who wants to buy us out. I hope he thinks
better of it. We shall never be so conveniently
lodged again, & I would stay, even if the Duke
flees us: but I'm afraid we shall be ejected in
1934. to make room for hotels.

(3) I can't make plans: I can't tell whether to accept
or ~~to~~ reject invitations. It's a fasting of mine. To be
asked is a form of mild torture. But I'll let you know on
Tuesday. W

30th Oct 1930

52 Tavistock Sq.

Well, I'm glad you caught your train. The Grand said to me "She'll drop dead if she this" - & I'm pleased that you did not ~~drop~~ her, did not drop dead, & did catch the train. Wm. time marvellously full of efficient & sensible, as before the daughter of an officer, & a good owner for the firm. It adds her little stories like that suddenly. Mummy ^{wherever} ~~wherever~~ one may be - Waterloo station. I could wear a ring of light surrounded you in a the guard for me tent garden.

Well down rather a glum, deliberate, misshaped assembly last night - all, in my word, so much like into all one long yard of lake - like eyes then: no beauty, no eccentricity. We stood about in the private room, with bunches of Chrysanthemums & tied up in orange jackets, & lots of cornucopia, incredibly unreal, & silver vases. And there were telegrams, cables from Sweden - this was a great prize - & the parade kept on coming in. And ^{NYPL} there we all stood. about in very inferior evening dress, as was the really reported (not the inferiority - the dress) touching our hair with our hands. At 10 I was discussing with Mr. Harold, who is the black sheep, a divorcee & from very stout, & the best bridge player in Maidenhead. stood at Harmer: at 10.15 I was discussing Harrod, the Army, & heavy stores with Mr. Edgar - who has always lived in Putney, & had a bad miscarriage several years ago, & when she has seen the Stock Exchange sweepstakes, & has an Abraham bound which she has painted in ovals, "but he has not really that fierce look in his eye" the day: & then at 10.30 the green baize tables

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were shared & we played a game called Pink Nines & I, being
third won a prize of a plum pudding; & I ended being

Booby won a thotted tie; & at 11 we all went into supper (does
this you see) & I sat at the table of honour with my mother-in-
law — there were four tables, none less honourable than the others —
& cups of soup were handed, anchovy sandwiches & cold sausage rolls.
And then Herbert, the eldest son, rose & drank to "Our mother, the most
marvellous mother, mother-in-law & friend" & my mother-in-law
thanked us, "The most perfect, loving & (she could not remember a third
epithet) human of children" & what I heard was that though she was
all tremor & given the ladies, like a child, "And now let's finish our
sausage rolls" — This Victorian bubbling childlike woman — when he passed
for chocolate cream & sugar cake — being her charm for me. Indeed,
in spite of the glumness, grimace & oh the intolerable middle class
timidity & respectability & lack of accent & delicate adventure
dash, dainty colour — I can describe to you the low level of all
these children people, with their uniformity of class, dogs, country
houses & gardens, — in spite of my damned snobbery about them, I
always feel slightly warmed & overcome by the entire absence of
pretence, the goodness, the rightness — if this right is to people the
world — of the vast family to which as Herbert said, I have the honour to belong.

By the way, what are the arguments against suicide? You know
what a tickle-fish I am: with these suddenly comes in a
Chandor clap a sense of the complete uselessness of my life. It's
like suddenly running one's head against a wall at the end of a blind
alley. Now what are the arguments against that sense — oh it
would be better to end it? I need not say that I have no sort of
intention of taking any steps: I simply want to know — as you are so
masterly & triumphant — catching your train, not running too fast —
what are the arguments against it?